ITUR Satyricum:

IN

LOYALL Stanza's.

By *John Collop*, M.D.

LONDON,
Printed by T. M. *for* William Shears, *and are to be sold at his Shop at the Signe of the Bible in* Bedford-street *neer* Covent-Garden, 1660.

ITUR

Satyricum:

BRITISH MUSEUM

LOYALL

Scandals.

LONDON,
Printed by T. M. for William
Shrewsbery at the Sign of the Angel
in Duke-Street neer Cheap-side.
1680.

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IN

Loyall Stanza's.

ATheiſm away, twin to Rebellion hence,
'Bove fraud and force acquires, ſee, providence!
Charl's the Church Gold, Gods Image, ſee! re-
Through all the fiery trialls ſhines unburn'd. (turnd
Kings are Gods Chriſts; *Charls* Chriſt-like doth appear
For Reformation in His Thirtieth Year.
The day which brought him forth, him in doth bring
Gives both new life to th' people and the King.

To our converſion now *Rome* lay no claim
Monck, *Auſtine*, *Patrick* nor *Palladius* name;
Three more then *Pagan* Nations now we ſee
Can by a *Monck* of ours Converted be.
Nay your three, *Spain*, *France*, *Italy*, are out done
Though every *Monck* is there a Champion.

One *Engliſh Monck* hath here converted more,
Then all your *Moncks* perverted heretofore.

Spare Honeſt *Heilin*, ſpare thy learned pains
To vindicate St. *George* from addle brains.
We for our Champion now no Champion need,
St. *George* for *England* wants no *Roman* Creed.
This is the *George*, defeats the Dragons Sting;
The Church relieves the daughter of the King.
Could we with *Calvin* ſtories faith deny
What he calls fable, wee'd call Prophecie.

Make Bone-fires bigger, purge th' infected air,
Leaſt Treaſon like a Plague inhabit there.
Rebellion's Witchcraft, Witchlike may't expire,
And th' Land her ſin thus expiate by fire.
Nor muſt the Bells be wanting to the aire;
Leaſt with their Prince ſchiſms ſpirits wander there.
While you your ſafety, and our Kings Proclaim,
Churches no more we'le common places name.

Flowers ſtrow the way, with *Charls* was born the (ſpring,
Twill flouriſh and return with him our King.
I'th Winter of his abſence who lay dead,
How the Gay Butterflyes in tro ps now ſpread?
See! how the gaudy Anticks do appear,
In maſking liveries of the youthfull year.
None fear to ſpend all, but cry *Charls* is come:
Charls is our all and all, to every Summe.

A Golden Age in *Charls* is ſure foretold,
Whoſe ſight can change ev'n City Chains to Gold.

How

How they all gliſter, that it may appear,
Safety like heav'n is never bought to dear?
At the Cits coſt ſhall now be ſpilt no blood,
But whats of Grape, which iſſuing by a flood
From every Conduit, proclaims *Charls* divine,
Who Saviour like, turnes Water into Wine.

Thouſands half ſtarved, by miracle ſeem fed,
Charls by his preſence multiplies their bread.
The Aire, Sea, Land, all ſummon'd tribute bring,
T'acknowledge *Charls* an univerſal King.
Leaſt theſe to little be, deſcending ſphears
In muſical treats ſeem to ſalute his ears,
Propitious Stars in *Charls* his Waine prevaile,
There's no ſad influence from the Dragons taile.

Glorious as Princes, if not Angels all?
Who *Englands* King will King of Devills call.
See! How to the *Spaniard* to *Charls* tribute pays,
While each on's back, a petty Indie lais.
Nor art thou leſſe a tributary *France*,
While theſe thy apes preſent a Morrice dance.
Or iſt an heavenly influence? the whoſe traine,
Thus ſparkles to be Stars in *Charls* his Waine.

Yet ſee Great *Charls* not fit for vulgar eyes,
Like to Divinity Couch'd in myſteries!
Nature hath ſeem'd to place him in diſguiſe,
Whoſe inſide glories all outſides outvies.
Glories that ly no deeper then a skin,
Are not for Princes, their's muſt ly within.
God his own Character doth on Princes Write,
He rob'd Divinity eall'd Gods ſhadow light. All

All characters are libels, who'de set forth
Charls, is a Traytor to impeach his worth:
Since praises must fall short, expressions be
But the faint shaddows of Divinitie.
Had not the Churches Martyr great *Charls* shown,
Himself by's Scripture, he had dy'd unknown.
Now we a *David* read and *Solomon*
Without their bad, all they had good in one.

The Blood of Martyrs is the Churches seed:
Tis *Charls* his blood for th' Church must interceed.
The heir of's virtues and his kingdoms be
The worlds reformer by a Propheeie;
No Pilfring *Charls* of *Suevia*, his glory
Did only blaze to light us to thy story.
Charls from *Charls* must be greatest of that name:
They'r gayer acts, but lacquey'fore his fame.

Haile *Charls* the second; second unto none:
The fifth falls short brought in comparison:
Greater then *Charls* the first firnam'd the great;
The *Pope* of more then he him gave defeat:
So the most Christian King, most Catholick too
And Faiths Defender will all meet in you.
Charls by the Grace of God thou'lt truly be,
Tis meerly Gods Grace hath restored thee:

How do the Branches of the Royall Oak
Now flourish, and nere fear the axes strok!
Under Presbytery will these gay things truckle?
From Lords the mighty twindle to the muckle?

Sneak to the Commons, and there ſerve to ſhow
For their deſerts no Houſe can be to low.
The Lords are grains to ballance th' royall ſcale:
If they prove light the Rabble muſt prevaile.

Who in the Church will parity introduce
Shame in the State, preheminence out of uſe;
The wiſer Lords who Voted Biſhops down,
Caſheir'd th'leſſe ſacred titles of their own.
Uſeleſſe, and ſenſeleſs, how ſhould they not fall,
Who had renounc'd their part ſpirituall.
They their own fortunes fence about in vain,
Who lay in common ſacred and prophane.

May't in no Lord be treaſon to be wiſe?
Nor th' beaſt the Rabble want a Sacrifice.
May Ag'd have *Briſtols*, young Lords, *Brucet* parts:
The Loyall *Cleave'ands*, brave *Northamptons* hearts;
No *Bedfords* wanting be to th' Councill table;
Strange faults in ſon and father to be able.
So ſhall no Comets rear'd from fat of Earth
Preſage Kings ruine, or the peoples dearth.

May th' Houſe of Commons be no Juglers box:
The ſteeples not mens heads have weather-cocks
With every wind of fancy to turn round.
Where all are giddy, how can truth be found?
No Cock-braind ſcioliſts factions may promote
Leave real truths on aëry names to dote.
So Sacriledge no more ſhall priviledge be:
Nor to be ſlaves the peoples libertie.

May none by house of Commons understand
The place and fare of those devoure the Land.
No Tax succeed a fast, first fast then prey:
Not pray and fast; fasts make the stomachs way.
A strange contrivance thus to gain a power
Three Nations fat, by fasting to devour.
Pray like the thief, a blessing on th' Vocation:
Steal and give thanks for robbery of a Nation.

May Burgers mind the trade of Corporations,
And make no more a traffick of three Nations.
Nor their Elections be so numerous made
Three Lands seem slaves to Free-men of a Trade.
Since here not wisdoms are, but voices weigh'd:
Folly and Factions Votes must be obey'd.
May they procure good laws, then *Charls* supply
With that, he to his people is, a subsidie.

May aery misteries ne're unhinge their pates,
Should pry in misteries of trade not states.
The cause, the cause, hence fears, hence Jealousies,
Who think Stars twinkle, tis their weaker eyes.
May all have noble fears, fears to do ill:
Be jealous too, least treason lurk there still.
The Prince have fears, and Jealousies to intrust
Those gratefy not reason but their lust.

Barbarous as their own *Latin*, or Law *French*,
No see tongu'd Lawyer here on Laws intrench;
Faction and treason mould in forms of Law:
Prove th' Lawyers anagram true, that Lyers aw.

May Loyall Laws, late Common-place-Book's paine
Receive no common place as loyall gains.
For what is due on the disloyall score
May he his own works read, and write no more.

The proud Church sinn'd, the *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Hun*
Angry heav'ns scourges in the *Scot* o'rerun
The Bishops wore Lawn Sleeves, bless us! the Nun
Doth make these Lawns they'r works of *Babylon*,
The Church is rich: how can an *Achan* hold
From *Babylonish* garments and from Gold.
But see the fruits! These with the *Eagle* snatch
Coals from the Altar which their own nests catch.

Lord from the Altar touch all with a coal
Which to thy service may inflame the soul:
None then shall Organs hate, all Organs be;
Made instrumentall in the serving thee.
No nose tun'd Parson th' Pulpit shall be labour
With noise resembling the *Scotch* Pipe and Tabor.
No pulpits shall vie tricks with Hocus Pocus (us.
Truths rais shall clear them, that no *Scotch* myst choak

Scripture no more shall wrack'd be to professe
Her self to all impietie patronesse.
To fall on times, no Priest shall leave his Text:
First divide that, and then the people next.
Cloaks for their Knavery now no pulpits need:
Arms shall give place to Gowns, while errors bleed.
The Militant Church with *Charls* went in exile,
But now returns inrich'd with *Egypts* spoile.

No more shall *Gypsies* in Religion be
The statutes unrepeal'd, can these go free?
The Canting Vagrants in opinions, doom
Must *Gypsie* like to be with passe sent home.
Send them to *Italy*; take them *Florentine:*
By *Nicks* discourses they should all be thine,
All Common wealths men: ours was common wealth
By knack of zeal an artificiall Health.

No Presbyterian shall run out of's wits,
And introduce again Phanatick fits.
By looser Prayers intitling to the sp'rite
Out of their senses three whole Kingdoms fright.
With humms, hah, whine, and a nose tuned story,
Wry neck, scru'd face, made for a Directory.
Gods name as oft in vain us'd as in charms,
The People to bewitch into all harms.

With *Jacobs* voice may none have *Esaus* hands:
None Bishops hate, because they love their lands.
Nor may long prayers the widows house devour
Or Gods house widow make, and seize her dour;
Nor by vain babling only serve to show
A Babel of confusion thence must grow;
Out of the road of Common sense Career,
That none may say tis Common-prayer they hear.

Hate our Church forms, least they deliver'd be
From pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisie;
From envy, hatred, want of charity,
From all sedition, and conspiracie;

From all falſe Doctrine, and from hereſie;
Strange ſuperſtition in the Letany:
To pray for *Charls*, and for his victories
O're theſe their ſins, his greateſt enemies.

Reſtore Great *Charls* our Letanies, that we
May pray for thoſe, who would not pray for thee:
Into the way then ſhall we God implore,
The erred and deceived to reſtore.
Forgive and pray forgiveneſs: hearts refute
Did both us ſlander, and thee perſecute.
So we may have reſtor'd the fruits of th'earth
Having of them nor of good prayers a dearth.

Then unity, peace, and concord we'le beſeech
God make up ours, and every Nations breach.
Pitty on priſoners, and for Captives pray,
Though they were thoſe would take our lives away:
Have mercy Lord on all men we beſeech.
Prayers which exceptions uſe can ne're heav'n reach.
Broke bones may thus rejoyce, knit, grow more
In wayes of peace, and truth to walk along. (ſtrong

FINIS.